

## IVORY SOAP

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DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.  
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CHICAGO

ANYWHERE!  
EVERYWHERE!

SUMMER EXCURSION  
TICKETS AND ON SALE AT THE

Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern  
RAILROAD.

To the Springs and Mountains of Virginia,  
To the Lakes and Woods of the North,  
To the Seashore and the Ocean,  
TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS

IN THE  
UNITED STATES AND CANADA

AS WELL AS AT THE  
Pleasant Spot near Home:

GRAYSON SPRINGS,  
DAWSON SPRINGS,  
CRITTENDEN SPRINGS,  
VERMILION SPRINGS,  
FAMOUS "Hot Springs," and Economic  
Advantages.

LOCAL SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS  
are on sale between all stations within a  
range of fifty miles.

WEEK END TICKETS will be sold to  
Chicago, Memphis, and Jackson, from points in  
the vicinity of these cities.

Rates, schedules and all information regarding  
any of the above will be furnished on applica-  
tion to any agent of the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern R. R.

and any one requiring tickets, pamphlets or any  
other literature, regarding any particular  
route, can procure same by writing to  
any of the following:

A. G. BROWN, HOWARD HOLLY,  
CHICAGO, ILL. HARTFORD, KY.

W. L. BROWN, W. L. BROWN,  
CHICAGO, ILL. HARTFORD, KY.

G. J. GRAMMER, G. J. GRAMMER,  
CHICAGO, ILL. HARTFORD, KY.

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BRIDAL SUPRESTITUTIONS

Actual instances of superstitions  
that have been known to  
the public.

Several girls are dumbless enough to  
risk being married on a Friday, and  
also in the month of May, which is  
considered a very unlucky time, while  
June, September, October and Decem-  
ber are deemed the luckiest months  
of the year, but even then she must  
avoid the 13th day.

Monday Tuesday and Wednesday  
are considered the best days to be  
married on, if assurance of happiness  
is desired, for

"Monday for wealth,  
Tuesday for health,  
Wednesday the best day of all.  
Thursday for crosses,  
Friday for losses,  
Saturday no luck at all."

All brides-to-be rejoice when the  
marriage day dawns brightly, remem-  
bering the old adage:

"Blest is the bride upon whom the  
sun doth shine."

And all are equally certain that  
"To change the name and not the let-  
ter"

Is a change for the worse and not  
the better."

The day following the wedding be-  
longing exclusively to the husband, and  
to be spent in his company.

In earlier times among the Jews the  
fourth day of the week was con-  
sidered unlucky, for maidens to wed  
and the fifth for widows. The Ro-  
mans considered the names and ideas  
of each month as unlucky.

The postponement of a wedding is  
even now regarded with such horror  
that many will be wedded on a sick  
bed or in a house of mourning rather  
than change the date.

It is an overbold woman, indeed,  
who will let her vanity so far get the  
better of her as to don her bridal robes  
for the ceremony, as such an act per-  
petrates death and dire misfortune. In  
fact, the brides toilet has a great deal  
to do with her future happiness, and  
it is a wise girl who remembers all  
the superstitions pertaining to it.

She should always remember to put  
her right side on first for to don the  
left first portends an unhappy married  
life.

White is the color usually chosen  
for the robes, signifying purity and  
innocence, but others may be chosen  
warily, as the following rhyme as-  
serts:

Married in white,  
You have chosen all right.

Married in gray,  
You will go far away.

Married in black,  
You will wish yourself back.

Married in red,  
You'd better be dead.

Married in green,  
Ashamed to be seen.

Married in blue,  
You'll always be true.

Married in pearl,  
You'll live in a whirl.

Married in yellow,  
A friend of the fellow.

Married in brown,  
You'll live out of town.

Married in pink,  
Your spirit will sink.

Then no bride must go to the altar  
without something old and some-  
thing new, something borrowed and  
something blue. Neither must she  
alter her toilet is complete, look at  
herself in the mirror. She must see  
that no bride guest wears a costume  
entirely black, as that would bring  
her sorrow. On entering her gown  
she must throw away every pin used  
in the bridal attire.

No girl who would be a happy  
bride must take a hand in the mak-  
ing of her wedding cake or the sew-  
ing of her bridal gown.

To try on a wedding ring before the  
ceremony is unpropitious. Should  
the shaming hand of the groom drop  
this symbol of love in the act of  
putting it on the bride's finger the  
"Discovery"

ABOVE ALL OTHERS,  
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery is the medicine for the  
diseases of the blood. You'll be willing to believe  
this, perhaps, if you think of the  
way it's sold to you. On trial—  
that's what it amounts to. In any  
case where it fails to benefit or  
cure, your money is returned.  
With any doubtful or ordinary  
medicine, this couldn't be done.  
And it isn't done, except with the  
"Discovery."

In every disease caused by a  
torpid liver or impure blood, this  
medicine will certainly cure. For  
the most stubborn Skin and Scalp  
Diseases, the worst forms of Gonorr-  
hea, even Consumption (or Lung  
Disease) in its earlier stages; and  
for Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint,"  
and every kindred ailment, nothing ap-  
proaches it as a remedy.

Nothing else, at any price, is really as  
cheap. You pay only for the good you  
obtain.

It's more than mere relief—it's a perfect  
and permanent cure. Let you go with Dr.  
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The proprietors  
offer \$500 reward for any incurable case  
of Catarrh.

ceremony had better be stopped  
right there. To lose it is propit-  
ious of evil, and many fancy to remove it  
after it is placed on the finger it is  
unlucky.

The breaking of a wedding ring  
is surely prophetic of the death of  
one of the married twain.

There is an explanation to this su-  
perstition:

"As the wedding ring wears,  
So wears away life's cares."

Which is of the same theory that  
time will cure ills.

The throwing of rice and old slip-  
pers, which should never be omitted,  
is descended from antiquity, rice  
meaning fertility and plenty, while  
the old shoes are supposed to invoke  
the favor of the fickle goddess of for-  
tune.

No bride or groom must turn back  
after once starting and the bride  
must be sure when she leaves home  
to place in her pocket a silver coin,  
so that in future years she may not  
come to wait. In the Isle of Man it  
is customary for the bride and groom  
to go to the altar with a pinch of salt  
in their pocket to insure them a life  
of prosperity.

Above all things, should a bride  
weep on her wedding day, no matter  
how happy. She must squeeze out  
a tear or so, for the bride who neg-  
lects to weep will be very unhappy  
indeed.—(Exchange)

The only way to cure catarrh is to  
purify the blood. Hood's Sarsapa-  
rilla purifies the blood and tones up  
the whole system.

Below is the grade of Excelsior  
School District, No. 36, for the term  
ending Nov. 9, '94:

Archie McDaniel 77, Mattie Mc-  
Sherry 74, Loney Patterson 72, Robert  
Torrence 62, Annie Sorrells 75,  
Jennie Sorrells 75, Adair Sanderfur  
78, Everett Sanderfur 76, Maude  
Haldwin 67, Lien Torrence 76, Susie  
Sorrells 70, Myrtle McSherry 80, Clif-  
fie Davis 77, Bert Davis 70, Rommie  
Haldwin 78, Virgil Moseley 75, Irene  
Wise 85, Ethel Leisure 75, CHIEFS  
Leach 85, Minnie Taylor 83, Harry  
Haldwin 85, Otha Leach 90, James  
Sanderfur 79, Maggie O'Brien 85,  
Leslie Leach 83, Loney Leach 80,  
Jilly McSherry 83, Janey Moseley 85,  
Robert Barnard 87, Garfield Barnard  
80, Bertie Barnard 90, Clarence Mc-  
Sherry 88, Charlie McSherry 83, Chris.  
Barnard 73, Mary Taylor 95, Edna  
Leach 73, Herman Westerfield 68,  
Sue Moseley 88, Lena McDaniel 75,  
Leta McDaniel 75, Jessie Torrence 70,  
Jay Westerfield 70

R. J. JENNINGS, Teacher.

Scrofula is one of the most fatal  
among the scourges which afflict man-  
kind. Chronic sores, cancerous hu-  
mors, emaciation, and consumption,  
are the result of scrofula. Ayer's Sar-  
saparilla eradicates this poison and  
restores, to the blood, the elements  
of life and health.

A Wistecy Romance.

"It was while to have the  
meeting to night, do you think?" asked  
a Londoner of his friend one raw  
December night in 1856

"Perhaps not," answered the other  
doubtfully; "but I do not like to  
shirk my work, and as it was an-  
nounced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first  
speaker; "I suppose we can start it."

That night was as black as ink, and  
the rain poured in torrents; but the  
meeting of the English Missionary  
Society for the propagation of the gos-  
pel was held, in spite of the elements,  
in a brightly lighted chapel in Covent  
Garden. A gentleman passing by  
took refuge from the storm, and made  
up half of the audience that listened  
to a powerful plea for the North  
American Indians in British Colum-  
bia.

"Work thrown away," grumbled  
the Londoner, as they made their way  
back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the mis-  
sionary. "It was God's word, and  
we are told that it shall not fail to the  
ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?  
The passer-by who stopped by ac-  
cident tossed on his couch all night,  
thinking of the horrors of heathen-  
ism of which he had heard that night  
for the first time. And in a month  
he had sold out his business and was  
on his way to his mission work among  
the British Columbia Indians, under  
the auspices of the Church Mission  
Society.

And thirty-five years afterward we  
found him, last summer, surrounded  
by "his children," as he loves to call  
them, the centre and head of the  
model mission station of the north-  
west coast, and Arcadian village of  
civilized Indians. It is the romance  
of missions.—(Sunday-School Times.)

Why not Try a Change?

Democracy comes high, but the  
people must have it. Lexington  
found that even with an increase of  
from 50 to 100 per cent. in the as-  
sessed value of real estate the tax col-  
lections could not keep pace with the  
enormous increase in the expenses of  
the city, and the tax rate was in-  
creased from \$1.25 to \$1.40 per \$100  
It's easy enough to live within one's  
income when one has the power to  
increase his income.

The State of Kentucky is in the

same boat as the city of Lexington—  
it is spending more money than the  
taxpayers are turning in, and the  
Governor is said to be seriously de-  
bating a proposition to call the Gen-  
eral Assembly to meet in extra ses-  
sion to discuss the financial problem  
and possibly increase the State tax  
levy from 42 1/2 to 47 1/2 cents per \$100.

The State suspended payment for  
over three months on account of a  
lack of funds, and has only now com-  
menced to pay claims due last July  
and August, leaving September and  
October creditors to whistle. This is  
a very bad time to be forced to con-  
sider the necessity of increasing tax-  
es, and Governor Brown is a shrewd  
enough party man to realize that the  
calling of an extra session of the  
General Assembly for such a pur-  
pose would be disastrous to Demo-  
cracy on the eve of a State campaign.

The leader is not hidebound or par-  
tisan enough to say that the condi-  
tions which exist in Kentucky to day  
might not exist in some Republican  
Commonwealth; but we do say, and  
political history sustains us, that no  
Republican State in the United States  
would tolerate such notorious incom-  
petency and open rascality in public  
office as have gone unpunished in Ken-  
tucky.

When the State of Pennsylvania,  
which gave Blaine 88,000 majority,  
and which last week was carried by  
the Republicans by nearly 250,000,  
elects a Democratic Governor by 35-  
000 because of Republican dissatis-  
faction with the management of State  
affairs, distrust of the party nominee,  
is it too much to ask of Kentucky  
that she hold her public servants to  
a stricter accountability for their ac-  
tural sins of omission and commis-  
sion?

We believe the people of Kentucky  
are in a humor to turn over a new  
leaf next year and if the Republicans  
put up a strong and attractive ticket  
on a clean cut platform they will  
sweep the State next year.—(Kentucky  
Leader.)

Dandruff is an exudation from the  
pores of the skin that spreads and  
dries, forming scurf and causing the  
hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renew-  
er cures it.

Report.

Of school district No. 41, for month  
ending October 26, '94:

Iva Coppage 83, Maud Coppage 86,  
Lena Brown 91, Pearl Coppage 86,  
Bessie Powers 91, Bonnie Bewley 86,  
Lillian Wimsatt 92, Almer Gentry 86,  
Leslie Petty 97, William Westerfield  
85, Jessie Holing 85, Tula Coppage 85,  
Abbie Wittell 88, Rosa Coppage 83,  
Bertha Petty 96, Roscoe Bewley 84,  
Katie Petty 97, Wilber Hale 87, Liz-  
zie Galloway 97, Elbert Brown 83,  
Jessie Coppage 97, Walter Galloway  
86, Iona Phillips 97, Ollie Wimsatt  
94, Cory Petty 98, John Turnhorn 94,  
Emma Truman 98, Leo Phillips 88,  
Dana Westerfield 98, Lester Phillips  
83, Willie Turnhorn 96, Ethel Maddox  
94, Toss Turnhorn 94, Mamie Hale  
94, Eva Gentry 86, James Wittell 87,  
Almy Petty 80, Homer Bolling 88,  
Melvin Westerfield 92, W. C. Royal  
86, Jesse Maddox 94, Jo W. Lloyd 87,  
Cooper Harrison 92, Morris Bolling 87,  
James Turnhorn 92, Jessie Wilson 84,  
Arthur Westerfield 93, James Gallo-  
way 83, Evert Phillips 85, Ellie  
Brown 80, Ora Phillips 94, Willie  
Lowell 93, Verna Petty 89, Hub-  
bard Graham 89, Mose Coppage 94,  
Mary Wilson 96, Ellie Wilson 86,  
Frank Connor 85, Attie Whittier 87,  
James Whittier 85, Icy Wilson 82,  
Minnie Connor 84, Oscar Petty 90,  
Nora Askins 91, Oscar Brown 90,  
Henry Alexander 97, Myrtle Graham  
79.

LEE B. MILLS, Teacher.

A Companion's Calendar.

The Youth's Companion has just  
published a calendar for 1895 which is  
a work of art—indeed, three works of  
art in one. Scene typical of three sea-  
sons of the year, winter, summer, au-  
tumn, are shown. The first picture  
represents a mother and son pausing  
in their walk in a snowy field, across  
which a rabbit is running, much to  
the amusement of the boy.

The artist in the summer scene has  
pictured three children rowing down  
a winding river; and were it not for  
the apples which fill the pan in her  
arms, one would scarce imagine that  
the graceful girl in the third  
picture was typical of autumn. Around  
the pictures are grouped the monthly  
calendars, tied together by ribbons.

This attractive calendar and a full  
Prospectus for 1895 will be sent free  
upon application to any one consid-  
ering a subscription to The Companion.  
From no other paper can so much  
entertainment and instruction be ob-  
tained for so little money, (only \$1.75  
a year.) If you subscribe now you  
will receive the paper until January  
1, 1895, and for a full year from that  
date, including the Thanksgiving,  
Christmas and New Year's double  
numbers. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
Boston, Mass.

The smallest "cat-ho!" is large  
enough to show that the blood needs  
purifying—a warning which, if un-  
heeded, may result, not in more boils  
but in something very much worse.  
Avert the danger in time by the use  
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Careful others,  
will cure you

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SAVED FROM HIS LOVE.

Reginald Vaughan, journalist, was  
smoking a solitary midnight pipe in  
his chambers when there was a  
knock at the door. He looked up  
without rising from his chair.

"Hullo, Enzor!" he said, "come in.  
Where have you been?"

His visitor was a young man in  
evening dress, an old Cambridge  
friend, and now also engaged in  
earning an imaginary income at the  
bar and as actual one by his pen.

"Been to the theater," he answered,  
"and thought I would look you up on  
my way home. Why, what's the  
matter with you?" he continued, as  
he leisurely took off his great coat,  
and filled a pipe.

"You're looking as melancholy as I  
myself, had been witnessing the  
performance of a modern English  
farce."

The gloom on Vaughan's face deep-  
ened. "That's the matter," he an-  
swered ironically, pointing to a  
bulky envelope which lay on his  
writing table.

"You don't mean to say that your  
editor has sent back some of your  
work?" said the other, as he moved  
toward the table.

"Worse, much worse," said  
Vaughan, with infinite pathos in his  
voice.

"Why, it's Mabel Lawrence's writ-  
ing! Your lady love sends you  
lengthy letters, Vaughan. Or is it  
merely a collection of your own  
epistles which she now returns to  
you with scorn? I believe there's  
some sense in that girl, after all!"

"Sit down, Enzor, and don't be a  
fool. Of course it isn't that; we are  
to be married next month. She is a  
dear, nice girl—but she has lately  
conceived the notion that she can  
write, and sends me reams of the  
most impossible copy, begging me,  
if I love her—which, of course, I do  
—to get them used. What on earth  
am I to do?"

"I see; she is one of the modern  
young ladies who look upon litera-  
ture as a pleasant alternative to  
crochet work. The Englishman is  
supposed to say: 'It is a fine day; let  
us kill.' The Englishwoman un-  
doubtedly does remark: 'It is a wet  
day; let us create.' Hence the femi-  
nine novel; which, by the way, has  
almost ceased to be novel, and would  
seem to be thought feminine. And  
so Mabel is afflicted with an attack  
of modernity!"

"Not in the least. She is, thank  
goodness, quite free from that taint.  
She would rather read a blue book  
than a yellow book, I fancy. This is  
called a 'Domestic Drama.'"

Vaughan got up and drew a bulky  
roll of manuscript from the envel-  
ope.

"All the worse," said his friend.  
"If the stuff were only slightly im-  
moral and wholly decadent we could  
place it easily enough, however badly  
it is written. But a wife who pre-  
fers the poetry of domestic drama  
to the prose of the domestic dinner  
table cannot be expected to provide  
very attractive food, bodily or men-  
tal. My best advice to you,  
Vaughan, which I know you won't  
take, is to back out of your engage-  
ment as quickly as possible. She can  
hardly love you much if she  
pesters you in this way. Depend  
upon it, she looks upon you only as  
a medium whereby her productions  
may find their way into print."

"You're talking bosh, my dear  
fellow," replied Vaughan. "She  
does love me; indeed, the tragic part  
of it is that she has written these  
things because she thinks that we  
ought to have all interests in com-  
mon, and that, as she puts it, 'I  
shall thus be fellow workers.' In-  
stead of making jokes about it, for  
heaven's sake tell me what I am to  
do. I don't send it back and tell  
her it is worthless—that would break  
her heart. And yet no paper could  
print the stuff."

"Is it so bad as that?" asked En-  
zor. "I didn't know that anyone  
had attained to writing down to that  
level in these days. Let us hear  
some of it."

"No; I'm not going to read it—I  
haven't the courage to. You can  
study it for yourself if you like. It  
is a compound of every possible fault  
in grammar and expression, and its  
style is too terribly innane."

Enzor took the manuscript, and  
glanced through a few pages; and  
struggled nobly to suppress his  
smiles, while Vaughan thrust out  
his legs toward the fire and smoked  
loosely.

"Well," said Enzor at length, toss-  
ing the MS. aside, "it is certainly  
the most awful rubbish. Seriously,  
by far the kindest thing you can do  
is to tell the young lady frankly that  
she can never, by any possibility,  
succeed in literature. Why don't  
you do this?"

The other shook his head mourn-  
fully. "I can't," he said. "First,  
she sent me some verses, worse even  
than this story, and those I did send  
back. Next came what was meant  
for a humorous article. That also  
I returned, though it



## Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

NAM A. ANDERSON, Proprietor.  
JO. B. ROBERTS, Editor.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

HARTFORD doesn't want any saloons.

REV. FRED D. MALE, the emigrant Owensboro preacher, is conducting a great revival at Louisville.

THE official count in the Second Appellate District gives Judge Guffy 1,461 majority over his opponent, Judge Reeves, for Judge of Court of Appeals.

WHAT has happened that the friends of the open saloon consider themselves stronger now than when they withdrew the open saloon proposition a year or so ago?

On last Sunday morning two men were shot at Owensboro and both mortally wounded because somebody was drinking. And yet it is now proposed to legalize the sale of whisky in Hartford by having open saloons.

THE people of this county by a majority of over 700 said: "We will not have the open saloon in our midst." Does Hartford propose to override this declaration and trample under foot the voice of the whole county?

Do you honestly believe that the open saloon is an advantage to religion, or to education, or to the church, or to the school, or to personal or public morality? If you do not, then in God's name, how can you vote for it?

If you feel good and wish to make a friend feel good you can not find a better plan of doing so than by sending him the REPUBLICAN and either the New York Tribune or the Louisville Commercial a year. I'll beat a Thanksgiving turkey.

A YOUTHFUL offender against whom an indictment for some minor offense had been returned at the May term of the Circuit Court, blueleggedly approached Commonwealth's Attorney Rowe on Tuesday morning and asked if his case had been thrown "outside."

In their effort to hunt down the blind tigers, who are carrying on their diabolical trade in the town and county, the members of the Grand Jury have the united support of the friends of good order and good society everywhere. Let the work go on.

Who is it that now claims that brick walks are not better than plank ones? And who is it that is so blind as not to see that they are not as cheap and especially so when the enhanced value of the property along which they are laid is considered. Give us more brick walks.

GIVE us anything and everything that is evil in its effects or its tendencies but for the sake of women and children who must suffer, for the sake of the youth and unadorned that must fall and for the sake of human life and of property that must be endangered, deliver us from the open saloon.

SPEAKING of lawyers, so far as numbers, at least, are concerned, Hartford knocks any other town of its size into a cocked hat—she has no less than eighteen. In the county outside of Hartford there are no less than nine, making a total of twenty-seven for the county.

THE down-Dixie sentiment to the effect that a Democratic candidate must be counted in no matter what the majority against him, seems to be prevalent in Kentucky as well, as is evidenced in the attempt to count out the Hon. St. John Boyle in Louisville and Judge B. L. D. Guffy in this Second Appellate District.

THE greater part of the farm work is over, the nights are growing longer and you will need something to read these long winter evenings—something that will do you good. There is no other way you can get so much reliable reading matter as by sending us \$1.25 for THE REPUBLICAN and either the New York Weekly Tribune or the Louisville Weekly Commercial for one year.

THERE are some people in the world who if they were accused of stealing, would fly into a fit of cyclonic rage and proceed to shake their gory locks in the face of the accuser after a fashion that would do credit to a band of Comanche Indians and yet these same folks will make a poor, yet honest, neighbor pay their taxes year after year by putting a fair estimate on the value of his property, at assessment times, while they refuse to do anything of the kind. If some poor wretch who happens to be pined by hunger or cold steals a bite to eat or a rag to break the force of wintry winds he is cursed and kicked and fawned upon, but the rich, high-bred scamp who refuses to list his property at its fair value, thus virtually robbing those who are conscientious in listing their property, goes unwhipped of justice to rattle his coppers into the contribution box and pray his usual Sunday prayer. It is wasting words to add that at the close of the last annual exercise the Satanic Majesty uniformly says Amen.

THE money and time spent in an attempt to foil the open saloon upon Hartford would be much better expended in an effort to build up the interests of the town and her people.

GEORGE OATS, the negro, who several months ago, was sent to Owensboro for safekeeping, was brought up here this week to answer the charge against him, and of all the woe-begone specimens of humanity he was the most wretched. He was reeking with filth and alive with vermin and withal half starved. It is now in order to send a missionary to Davies county to civilize and humanize the jailer of that good county. What's the matter with the Davies County Grand Jury?

A petition has been prepared and signed by a number of our citizens praying the Judge of the County Court to order an election held on January 30th, 1895, at which time the legal voters of the town of Hartford will be called upon to determine whether or not they desire to annul the Prohibition law, and thereby authorize open saloons. The duty of every citizen who believes that open saloons are a menace to our institutions is clear. He should array himself on the side of the Churches, the Sunday Schools, the Common School, the College and of public morals.

### AN EFFORT TO COUNT JUDGE GUFFY OUT.

We gather from the rumor of the Franklin Favorite, that an effort will be made to have the State Canvassing Board count Judge Guffy out, and deify him the seat on the Appellate bench, to which a majority of the voters of this district have elected him. The State Canvassing Board is composed of Gov. Brown, Secretary of State Headley, Attorney General Hendricks and Auditor Norman.

Mr. Reeves' alliance with the L. & N. R. R. is well known to the people of this district and they have put their stamp upon him in unmistakable terms. As an evidence of this in Republican counties the majorities increased, while in Democratic counties the majorities decreased, or disappeared altogether. This is very noticeable in the district over which Judge Reeves has been presiding as Circuit Judge. It is a dangerous thing to thwart "vox populi" and we shall be very much mistaken if this board, made up, as it is, in part at least, of a Governor and Secretary of State, who have at all times since their administration begun, stood between the people and that grasping monopoly, the L. & N. R. R., shall count out the pure man of the people, Honorable Judge Guffy, to seat Reeves, the tool of monopolies. Judge Guffy has been elected and will be seated.

A Wise Suggestion.  
The Herald Wednesday morning contained the following, which is to the point, and which we heartily endorse. Often in the early morning have people been awoken by some thoughtless person ringing the Court House bell. It is to be hoped this will be stopped when the new officials are installed.

"The court house bell has from time out of mind been recognized as an alarm of fire when rung at times other than those at which people may reasonably be expected to be at the court house for the transaction of business. When it taps at night time or in the early morning it sends a thrill of dread and fear through everybody and is particularly harrowing to nervous or sick people. For every reason it might not be needlessly rung at all sorts of hours by the building during court, and we hope it will not be."

Col. Bradley's Narrow Escape.  
Special to the Frankfort Capital of November 18, from Danville, says: Hon. W. O. Bradley had a narrow escape from death here late this afternoon. He was getting off the O. & C. train; waited a little too long and jumped. As he did so he fell, rolling under the coach and was being dragged under the wheels when a Mr. Ware caught him and held him until the train had passed.

The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

Women Should Have More Rest.  
Gossip in the Louisville Post has the following to say in regard to women taking the proper rest: "So few women know how to rest themselves is the reason why so few women keep their good looks on into middle life. Full of nervous energy, never for a moment quiet, even when the chance comes for a respite, they go on using up their nervous system until one day comes a grand collapse and a long siege of expensive and painful illness is the result. Now, wouldn't it be much better, ye good managers, to look as carefully to your health as to your households?" "What if there is a speck of dust nestled away beneath some ornament or chair leg, what if there are some tasks slighted and some others left entirely undone, the house won't go to rack and ruin in consequence, but you will if you keep on the treadmill of daily excitement trying in your weak way to maintain a place that would wear out a much stronger organization than human frame." "Even when you stretch yourself out on the couch for a little nap, what do you do? Answer honestly, and you will say that you are thinking how you will make over your little girl's dress or wondering whether the picture that is hung on the wall wouldn't look better in the corner of the library, and nine times out of ten you will jump up and begin work again, instead of letting your brain take a thorough holiday, even if it is only a very brief one."

jump up and begin work again, instead of letting your brain take a thorough holiday, even if it is only a very brief one.

"Even when you are sitting with no work in your hands you can't keep them still. You tap your feet, you keep the nerves up to the highest tension and then you wonder why you go to bed tired and get up feeling almost fatigued. The technique of rest is the hardest thing for American women to learn. Five minutes a day of real rest is worth much more than a much longer period of artificial respite at mountains or seaside alter the body and brain have been thoroughly exhausted and such a relief is necessary. Cultivate repose if you would be beautiful. This advice sounds easy, yet it is not always as simple to follow as it would appear."

On the morning of Nov. 9, 1894, the dark winged angel of death entered the home of Milton and Florence Park, and claimed from them their little son aged 6 years the very day of his death. Thus, we see little Wayne's stay on earth was but a little while but we can call to mind many, many things which those little hands have done.

Through imagination I can see him in the school-room, and on the play ground, and returning from school in evening. But no more on earth can we see that bright face. No more will we hear the steps of the little feet, he is to stay singing praises with the angels above. Sad was the scene to behold that sweet face for the last time. But "God knows best" and we all must submit to his holy will. Wayne has passed through the dark valley of death which valley we all must pass through and may welive so that when that trying hour shall come then we may be safely guided by our Savior and at last meet with our little school-mate who has just been called from us.

Weep not dear parents for Wayne has gone To a better land above While sickness and sorrow never come But all is perfect love.

And may we, who are left behind Prepare to meet him in that land Where all is pleasure and delight With the heavenly angel band.

Our school is progressing nicely—the attendance not quite so good on the account of sickness.

Messrs. Marvin Miller and Worth Ticheator made a trip to Owensboro a few days ago.

Miss Sadie Bosket, who has been quite sick of typhoid fever, is improving.

Died, on the 9th inst., little Wayne Park, son of Milton and Florence Park.

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G. B. LUKENS, C. O. C. C.

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Before the Fall  
You could get along somehow without a Wrap, but now that the season is advanced

Outer Garments

Are a necessity. Fair Bros. & Co. have placed on a sale a very desirable line in Fall and Winter weights, at cheaper prices than those which

WERE WORN

When times were flush and money easy to get. To-day you can get a beautiful cloak or wrap for

VERY LITTLE

Cash. Perhaps the Tariff did it—perhaps not. At any rate, the weather proves that

Now you need one

And Fair Bros. & Co. are prepared to meet your demands. In fact the best place to trade is with the old reliable house of

FAIR  
BROS.  
& CO.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

See Carson & Co's new Furniture. We will pay 15 cents per dozen for Eggs at Carson & Co.

Mrs. G. C. Westerfield is visiting in Caneyville this week.

We sell two spoons of Thread for 5 cents at Carson & Co.

For the best of staple and fancy Groceries, call on Carson & Co.

We will pay \$1.00 per bushels for Sweet Potatoes at Carson & Co.

WANTED.—50 bushels of hickory nuts. Call at REPUBLICAN Office.

The oyster supper at Masonic Hall Tuesday night was a decided success.

For a good hotel, go where the crowds go—to the Commercial Hotel.

Mr. C. H. Ellis, Kinderhook, went to Owensboro last Friday, returning Saturday.

For the most comfortable quarters and the best of fare, stop at the Commercial Hotel.

Miss Meek Sharp went to Elizabethtown Wednesday to visit friends and relatives.

Mr. W. M. Fair and sister, Miss Emma, went to Owensboro Wednesday, returning yesterday.

I am going to save a little money and I am going to help the poor next Wednesday night at Masonic Hall.

FOR SALE.—A good 5 year old saddle, harness and farm horse. Call on or address TUN REPUBLICAN, Hartford, Ky.

Mr. Raley, of Bloomington, Ind., a former resident of this county, was in Hartford Wednesday and paid us a pleasant call.

Don't forget the Oyster Supper next Wednesday night at Masonic Hall for the benefit of a needy widow. Come one, come all.

Everybody ought to patronize the Oyster Supper next Wednesday night at Masonic Hall for the benefit of a needy widow of our town.

Mr. S. T. Arnold, South Dakota, and mother, Mrs. A. J. Arnold, Crownwell, visited the family of G. C. Westerfield Monday and Tuesday.

Dr. Wayland Alexander will lecture on Charity at Masonic Hall, after the Oyster Supper, Wednesday evening, November 28, 1894.

Marriage license: W. O. Wallace to Miss Della Austin, Richard Watkins to Miss Ada Ralph, Wm. E. Allen to Miss Barbara Raley, W. E. Bates to Miss Mary Evely, J. W. Ezell to Miss Sarah Raley.

Mr. Wm. E. Ward, of Kinderhook, happened to a painful accident last Thursday. He was carrying some rubbish to his home, and in climbing over a fence, his foot slipped and fell across the fence, fracturing two of his left ribs.

Have that long hair trimmed at Watkins' shop.

Call on Watkins, the barber, for a good, easy shave.

Mr. V. G. Barnett visited friends at Centertown last Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Williams, Kinderhook, spent Sunday at Fordsville.

Miss Lulu Carson, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Barnes, Beaver Dam.

Messrs. George and Hugh Bailey, of Cruston, Ky., were in town Sunday.

Frank Gentry, at Watkins' barber-shop, will give you an easy shave as you can get anywhere.

Mr. J. B. Hill and family, of Denver, Col., are expected to arrive in town to-day for a short visit to friends and relatives.

The Green River Valley Association of Colored Baptists held a business meeting at the Alpha Baptist Church last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Guffy and daughter, Miss Mercedes, visited the family of Judge B. L. D. Guffy, Morgantown, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. A. D. Taylor, the photographer, has changed the time of being in Hartford from Saturday till Monday. He will be here every Monday all day.

Hartford still improves. New brick walks are being laid every day, and ere long old Hartford will have brick pavements over the entire town. Let the good work go on.

Preaching at Goshen Saturday night before each 2d Sunday and on each 4th Sunday. At Beaver Dam 1st Sunday in each month, morning and night, until further notice.

E. E. PATE, Pastor.

Mr. E. G. Rowe, of Rockport, Ky., died last Saturday of heart trouble. The remains were interred at West Providence Sunday. He had lived an honorable and useful life and will be greatly missed in the community.

When you come to Circuit Court next week don't fail to call on T. M. Hler, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel. He is prepared to heartily feed and comfortably care for all who stop with him. Special rates to jurymen and witnesses by the week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mr. G. B. Sinek, of Uniontown, Ky., is in Hartford to study medicine. He is staying in Dr. E. W. Ford's office, and under his excellent instructions, he will be well fitted for College. Mr. Sinek is a bright, affable young gentleman and we bespeak for him a bright future.

Mr. R. T. Collins, who went to Fayette, Tenn., last week to see his father, who was taken sick at that place, arrived home Wednesday morning, bringing his father with him. Mr. Collins is quite sick, but is on a fair way to improve now, and all hope he will soon be able to be out.

All kinds of fresh groceries at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro's.

For Doors and Window Sash, all kinds, call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Mr. T. S. Ford, Fordsville, was the guest of his brother, Dr. E. W. Ford, yesterday.

Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. are prepared to furnish you anything in the grocery line. Call on them.

Mr. P. L. Felix has bought the building formerly occupied by THE REPUBLICAN. Consideration, \$400.

Leave your horse at Casebier & Burton's Stable, and it will receive the best of treatment. The best hay and corn at their stable.

Casebier & Burton are still at the same old stand, ready and willing to care for your horse, and are prepared to furnish everything in their line.

For all kinds of doors and window sashes, call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., who are prepared to furnish anything in this line at prices to suit the times. See them and get prices.

Everything and everybody is very dry. We haven't had a rain for six months and the Grand Jury is in session. Everybody wants water, and a great many want fire. Very few want fire, but they are very likely to have it if they don't insure their property. Insure before it is too late with

H. D. McHENRY & SON, Agents.

Rev. W. D. Cox, assisted by Rev. J. C. Craig, will lay the corner stone of the New Concord Baptist Church on Saturday, December 1st at 11 a.m. Everybody invited. Bro Cox will not be at his regular appointment at Concord on 4th Sunday, but will be there the following Sunday. He will commence a series of meetings at Woodward's Valley Church on Sunday night, December 2.

We have just completed a very handsome catalogue of Southern Indiana Normal College, Mitchell, Ind. This school is under the excellent management of Prof. Jno. C. Willis, who conducted the Institute here last summer. He has connected with him some of the best teachers that could be found in the State, and everything points to a first-class School. Write Prof. Willis for catalogue, which thoroughly explains their methods of teaching.

Little Purdy Casebier, son of J. M. Casebier, the liveryman, happened to quite a bad accident last Monday. He had gone to the river to water a horse, and while the horse was drinking a gun was discharged near by, frightening the horse and he wheeled around, throwing Purdy against a rock, knocking him senseless. His foot hanging in the stirrup and he was dragged a considerable distance before he became loose. He is getting along as well as could be expected.

THE REPUBLICAN is constantly increasing in circulation, and now has the largest circulation of any paper heretofore published in Ohio county. Our subscription list is not confined to the county alone, although we have more papers circulated in Ohio county than any other paper in the county, but extends all over the 4th Congressional District. In every line we are well equipped and can do Job Work of every variety and kind, at the very lowest prices. Give us a call.

Court Notes.

The following is the grand jury for the present term: John Fogle, Cornelius Hoover, V. A. Stewart, James Brown, Wm. R. Chapman, Len Hoover, C. T. Baird, F. M. Hatler, Larkin Williams, J. K. Shaver, G. A. Holland, J. H. Patton, foreman.

The following gentlemen compose the petit jury for the present term: W. M. Ball, Jonathan Edge, Geo. Klein, A. W. Mills, J. W. Petty, Jack Yates, J. I. Harder, E. K. Smith, Jesse W. Taylor, J. D. Duke, Jas. Shreve, Wm. Brown, Moses Herald, J. W. Bell, J. B. Brown, Wm. Stevens, J. C. Park, Alonzo Yates, J. W. Coleman, J. D. Bell, S. J. Paxton.

All the cases on Tuesday's Commonwealth docket except the following were continued: Com'th vs. B. A. Casebier, et al., denumerer to indictment sustained and the case referred to the grand jury. Com'th vs. O. C. Chapman, charged with murder—filed away with leave to reinstate. Com'th vs. Wash. Duncan (3 cases), charged with selling whisky—filed away with leave to reinstate. Com'th vs. L. A. Maiden, charged with carrying concealed a deadly weapon—a plea of guilty entered and jury fined punishment at \$25 and 10 days in jail. Com'th vs. Ben Carter, charged with selling liquor—verdict of the jury not guilty.

Visiting attorneys: Col. S. P. Love, Greenville; Judge C. W. Massie, Owensboro; J. B. Vickers and H. F. Matthews, Fordville; Mr. Hudson, Henderson.

Com'th vs. Frank Collins for carrying a concealed a deadly weapon fined \$25 and 10 days in jail.

Com'th vs. Wm. R. Edge, trial and acquitted.

Com'th vs. O. P. R. & G. R. Railroad Co. defendant Confessed fine \$100.

Com'th vs. R. L. Tate and G. R. Gillaspie, Gillaspie bail bond forfeited and judgment on the forfeiture and prosecution of Tate set for next Wednesday, and Sheriff ordered to bring him from Owensboro for trial.

Geo. Oats was brought from Owensboro for trial—continued and he was taken back to Owensboro for safe keeping.

Com'th vs. Frank Collins for malicious shooting—fine \$50.

Commonwealth vs. W. A. Edwards, fined \$50.

Don't fail to see Fair Bros. & Co's Cloaks.

Big bargains in cloaks at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Boots to supply everybody at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Buy your millinery now at Fair Bros. & Co's.

McIntosh coats all prices at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Large line Bed Blankets, Comforts at Fair Bros. & Co's.

For general family supplies call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Beautiful line Hoods and Fascinators at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Best line ladies and men underwear at Fair Bros. & Co's.

50 pieces new Indigo Prints 5 cents per yard at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Mr. W. T. Rolph, Louisville, will lecture at College Hall Monday night. Subject, "Every Day Business Life." Everybody invited. Admission free.

Mr. Jas. P. Thomas, who was thrown from a horse nearly two years ago and sustained such severe bruises, and has been able to go about on crutches, thinks he will be able by the first of the year to lay aside his crutches. Everybody who knows Jim will hail with delight this good news.

At Rest.

Mrs. Eliza Christina Gibson, relict of Remus Gibson, died at her home on Mulberry Street Tuesday night at 9 o'clock of consumption. She was born July 20, 1832, the daughter of Reason Williams. In 1850 she married Remus Gibson, who precedes her to the better world by twelve years. Since her marriage, forty-four years ago, she has been a citizen of Hartford. In 1848 she joined the Beaver Dam Baptist Church and withdrew from that body to unite in the organization of the Hartford Baptist Church in 1869. No woman ever lived a purer, holier life than Mrs. Gibson. As mother, wife, friend and neighbor she was loving and true, faithful to duty and full of good works. She wears a crown of unspeakable glory studded with the bright jewels of all christian and womanly virtues.

To the living, her life speaks with heavenly eloquence bidding us follow in the footsteps of her worthy example.

The funeral exercises were conducted by Dr. J. S. Coleman at the Baptist Church Wednesday evening at 2 o'clock in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. After the exercises at the church the remains were conveyed to Oakwood Cemetery and laid away to await the Resurrection.

College Notes.

At no period of the school's history has there been more activity manifested by the students and teachers than at the present time. All are laboring to the fullest extent of their power. From early in the morning until late in the evening this continuous work goes on and all seem so delighted that they never become weary. We can't see why every one does not avail themselves of the rare opportunity that this school affords for a thorough and practical education.

On yesterday morning at 7:30 the Grand Jury and Petit Jury visited the college together with a large number of visitors at which time the Hon. J. E. Rowe, Owensboro delivered an address to the school in a graceful, logical, and practical manner. His subject was "Character and Moral," he showed clearly and forcibly that there could be no permanent happiness and success with out these principles, and that it was not the genius alone that attains renown but that often the mediocre with sound mind, industry and perseverance would be the ruling, controlling power in the affairs of life.

We were glad to note among our many visitors on yesterday morning the Rev. Dr. Coleman, Rev. Taylor, Rev. Morston, Missionary to Australia, Judge J. P. Morton, also the college trustees, Dr. J. T. Miller, Mr. T. Larkin Griffin, Capt. S. K. Cox, L. F. Woerner, and many others.

All who visit our school seem to be thoroughly impressed with the great success of our institution, and the superiority of work accomplished from time to time.

The Hyptians give an open meeting this evening at four o'clock. No extra time has been expended in preparing the program, but any that may come will be welcome.

We were especially glad to have the trustees of the school to visit us and believe they are thoroughly interested in the success and prosperity of our school, also judging from the honest intellectual appearance of the gentlemen who compose the two juries of the present Circuit Court, we believe the interest of our county will be carefully and diligently guarded.

EMMA ARNOLD MOSLEY.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. 15c.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Sunday Morning Shooting at Owensboro.

News reached here last Sunday about noon of the shooting of Jack Heavrin, brother to Mr. M. L. Heavrin, the well known attorney of this place. There are several conflicting reports in regard to the affray. The Messenger of Tuesday contained the following: Charles Heavrin said to a Messenger reporter: "Ashby and his friends were in our saloon near midnight drinking. One of them dancing, and we told him to stop as it was nearly Sunday and we wanted no noise. They quietly left and went to one of the houses across the road. I was out in the Highland, and met a woman who told me a man had been cut to pieces. I then heard some one laugh and run around the house. I told them it was all fun, and just then John Ashby stepped from behind a tree and raised his cane, which I thought was a billy. I ran back and told Jack that they were after me and we must not let them in. We started to the door and met Officers Stuart and Hiter, and asked protection from them. Ashby then came up to the porch and when Jack asked him what he wanted, saying we had done nothing, he drew his pistol and then Jack drew his. They began firing, and I thought everybody was shooting at once. Ashby and Jack were only a few feet apart, and when the shooting stopped Jack fell on the porch there, (pointing to the spot covered with dry blood), and Ashby fell into the arms of one of his friends."

Jack was carried into his room and Dr. J. P. Heavrin was called immediately. He was unconscious Sunday and passed the night under opiates. He was no better last night and his recovery is doubtful. Dr. Heavrin says he may recover if he is well taken care of, but his chances are slim.

Ashby was taken to his father's home at Fourth and Hathaway street. A bullet entered his right breast, pierced the lung and has not been located. He is suffering terribly but rested easy Sunday night. He cannot recline, experiences difficulty in talking very much, and has not eaten anything. Drs. Told and Fowles are attending him and will express no definite opinion on his chances of recovery, but his nurses and close friends say he cannot pull through.

When a reporter called at his house at 12:30 this morning, Ashby was asleep and apparently resting well, but he was no better than yesterday when he was reported worse than Sunday. Heavrin was also seen and was resting well. He said he felt somewhat better than he did Monday morning. He stated that Ed Orkies who first stepped upon the porch, and that Ashby came up shooting without warning. He had told his brother to run, and when so many shots were fired he turned to see if his brother was shot. As he did so, a bullet grazed his little finger, another went through the right lappet of his coat, one through the muscle of his left arm, and one entered his left breast, came out under the shoulder and dropped down in his sock.

The first shot fired took his left forefinger off, making five balls that struck him. He says Ashby fired him, if not all, the shots that struck him and a deputy sheriff said one of Ashby's party told him that he emptied his pistol and ran.

There are fifteen bullet holes in the side of Heavrin's house. There are holes made by 32 and 38 calibre balls, and some larger ones, presumably of 48-calibre. Ashby's friends will not give their side of the story, but say Heavrin's is not true.

THE REPUBLICAN

and Home and Farm

—both one year for

\$1.25 in advance.

In Memoriam.

To the memory of Bessie Wortham, youngest daughter of Hon. J. S. Wortham, of Leitchfield, Ky.

How my poor heart ached when some one said,

"Do you know that little Bess Wortham is dead?"

Beautiful curly-haired, bright-eyed Bess,

For whom was ever a smile and caress.

I loved the child, for her winning way

Could brighten for me the darkest day;

She'd a spiritual look in her large bright eyes,

And her generous spirit she could not disguise.

When last I gazed on her fair face,

And that little form so full of grace;

How little I thought so soon she'd leave

Her home so dear and us to grieve.

How wrong it seems that our hearts should ache,

And from this blow seem most to break;

While heaven for us is brighter by far,

And the angels welcome this little star.

EMMA ARNOLD MOSLEY.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a constructive food that nourishes, enriches the blood, creates solid flesh, stops wasting and gives strength. It is for all  
**Wasting Diseases**  
Like Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Marasmus; or for Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Loss of Flesh and General Debility. Scott's Emulsion has no equal as  
**Nourishment for Babies and Growing Children.**  
Buy only the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrapper.  
Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.  
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

**St. Frances Hotel**  
Owensboro, Kentucky.  
OPPOSITE TEXAS DEPOT. BEST FARE.  
**Rates Reasonable.**  
NO LIQUORS SOLD. NO INEBRIATES KEPT. THE PATRONAGE OF ALL GOOD PEOPLE SOLICITED.  
**S. S. STAHL, Prop'r.**

**Let Me Give You a Pointer**  
A MAN WELL DRESSED FEELS DOUBLY BLESSED  
LEAVE YOUR MEASURE FOR  
**D'ANCONA & CO'S**  
WELL FITTING GARMENTS  
MADE TO ORDER  
WITH  
**CARSON & CO.**

**QUAKER CITY BAKING POWDER**  
"Pure," "Wholesome," "No one superior." Sample free.  
Allegro.  
1. "QUAKER CITY BAKING POWDER" is all we've found the best. Claims a place above the rest.  
2. Absolutely pure and wholesome. (Only)  
3. With ten pennies get a sample of your Groceries any day.  
4. If it is not all the factious (Only) He your pennies will repay  
5. Hon-est trial all our clients. Failure there will never be.  
6. For success will ever follow (Only) Those who use Q. C. B.

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The Leading Photographer.  
Pictures in Every Style and Size.  
—Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged—  
A SPECIALTY.  
108 1/2 Main Street.  
OWENSBORO, KY.  
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**W. D. LUCE,**  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY,  
Contractor and Builder  
Will draw drafts from a nice, neat cozy cottage up to a fine two story house. Will draw plans free of charge. Will make careful estimates on all kinds of buildings, and remodel old houses. Motto—"Live and let live."

**Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN and the Louisville Weekly Commercial—both one year for \$1.25 per year.**

**Tax Notice.**  
Pay your tax and save the 6 per cent. which will be added the first of December. Come forward and pay or I will be compelled to levy.  
J. P. Stevens, Sheriff Ohio Co.

**Remember you get the New York Tribune and THE REPUBLICAN both for one year, for one dollar and twenty-five cents.**

**QUARTERLY REPORT**  
—OF THE—  
**Beaver Dam DEPOSIT BANK**  
At the Close of Business on 18th day of June 1894.

**RESOURCES.**

Loans and Discounts	\$72,075.87
Overdrafts, secured	264.11
Overdrafts, unsecured	594.30
Due from National Banks	11,115.58
Due from State banks and Bankers	45.59
Banking house and lot	3,000.00
Specie	2,632.72
Currency	2,044.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Current expenses	867.12
	\$94,139.29

**LIABILITIES.**

Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	8,250.00
Undivided profits	4,204.02
Due Depositors	56,571.67
Due State banks and b'k'rs	59.00
Due National Banks	54.60
	\$94,139.29

STATE OF KENTUCKY, ) ss  
COUNTY OF OHIO, )

John H. Barnes, Cashier of Beaver Dam Deposit Bank, a bank located and doing business in the town of Beaver Dam, in said county, being duly sworn, says that the foregoing report is in all respects a true statement of the condition of the said bank at the close of business on the 18th day of June, 1894, to the best of his knowledge and belief; and further says that the business of said bank has been transacted at the location named, and not elsewhere; and that the above report is made in compliance with an official notice received from the Secretary of State, designating the 18th day of June, 1894, as the day on which such report shall be made.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by John H. Barnes, the 20th day of June, 1894.

ROWAN HOLBROOK, Clerk Ohio County Court.

By SHERMAN TAYLOR, D. C.

J. H. BARNES, Cashier

R. P. HOCKER, Director.

JNO. H. BARNES, "

I. P. BARNARD, "

NOTICE.

I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky trade to have one of my books on this disease. Address J. E. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 208, and one will be sent you free.

Get our prices on Job Work before going elsewhere.



## Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

### THE RENT WAS NOT

Based—A Woman Showed Herself  
Too Smart For Her Land-  
lord.

They met in a street car, the woman with a golf cap remarked:

"I see you still have the same house."

"Yes, and at the same rent," remarked the woman with the ostrich boa.

"But I thought your landlord had decided to raise it?"

"He did, but somehow I didn't expect to move. Tom gave up the house at once. You see, I really can't afford to have any more bric-a-brac smashed in moving wagons. I've lost enough already to stock a department store."

"So you have decided not to move?"

"Not quite, dear. You see, I told the landlord that I was sorry to move but we really couldn't afford a higher rent and that I, myself, would gladly show the house to intending tenants. Then I set every room in order and waited."

"Well."

"Well, I really thought that the first woman that came would take it. I praised the closets and told her what swell neighbors we had and—"

"But I thought you didn't want to?"

"No, dear, but just as she was leaving I casually mentioned the fact that two persons had died of typhoid fever in the next house above and one two doors below. She seemed somewhat agitated, and when I called out to the landlord's address after her she didn't seem much interested."

"But Maggie, you know that was?"

"Some time ago. Yes, but I never could remember dates, and the people died."

"Well, did she?"

"Never went near. The bedrooms were too small for the next people, and the next ones were delighted, but thought the rent rather dear. Then I remarked that immediately after luncheon I intended to run around and engage that lovely little house in the next square at a lower rent. They carelessly asked which house, and I noticed that they turned that corner."

"How could you? Well, did she?"

"Well, you know, it was cheaper, and if they had taken our house I should have been obliged to rent that, for it was near enough to have my bric-a-brac carried."

"Your landlord told me that well-intended to take it."

"They did, but after Mrs. Swell styles and I had gone over it I said, 'Your children all so healthy that I think the house will just suit you, but mine, you know, are rather delicate, and the least hint of sewer gas alarms us.' She turned pale, and I knew at once that not even the parlor mantel would induce her to take it."

"And the landlord?"

"Oh, he came around that evening and said that as we were such good tenants he had decided not to raise the rent. Tom was so surprised."

"No wonder," gasped her friend. "This is our stopping place. Come and have a cream soda. I feel faint."

[Chicago Tribune.]

### Report

Of No Creek school for month ending November 9, '94:

Lyda Ward 95, Etta McCormick 95, Robert Carson 94, Oran Wallace 95, Edna Bennett 91, Bulah McCormick 99, Beulah Shown 97, Stella Ward 96, Wayne Woodward 93, Alice King 96, Lydia Coffey 89, Earnest Bennett 93, Carrie Baird 84, Tom King 90, Ola Edwards 88, Lida Baird 90, Jim Schwin 89, Lura Stevens 90, Bessie Martin 94, Carry Wallace 93, Ivy Stevens 85, N. Ward 95, Ethel Ward 95, Edward Johnson 85, Jesse Foster 80, Leslie Baird 85, Loun Johnson 96, Eddie Ward 70, Emma Ward 85, Dudley Ward 87, John Chamberlain 96, Frank Shown 95, Charlie Postec 88, Verna Woodward 89.

ELMO WILLIAMS, Teacher.

### How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. 15 m

### A Colored Voter Speaks.

CALHOUN, Ky., Nov. 18, 1894.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—I see in the REPUBLICAN of the 8th, inst., a thrust at the negro voters of Ohio county, that I think altogether unjust. It was charging them with whole-sale selling out to Hartford Democrats. I will not say whether it was an intended reflection on the negro voters of the county or whether it was a careless worded expression aiming to describe the desperate efforts of the Democrats in trying to buy the negro votes of the county, and probably an increased number of negroes yielded to the temptation; but to say there was a whole-sale purchase of the negro votes of the county is a reflection on the negroes of the county, surpassed only by that of Ringo a few years ago

when it was credited to him, as "The negroes only would sell." This may seem a very slight thing to some, but to me a very grave reflection to say that negro votes can be bought in Ohio county by the whole-sale; and it is one that I think is greatly exaggerated. It is true there are some in the county that claim to be Democrats and vote that way all the time, and there are others that can be influenced with the dollars, judging from the past. But I am sure that a large majority of the negro voters of the county are Republicans and vote that ticket from principle and have ever since they have been voters. There has never been a candidate elected in the county by the Republicans that had the negroes cast their votes solidly the other way but what the result would have been different. The present officers elect not excepted. I hope the above remarks were not made to rob the negroes of their part of the glory of the recent victory. I am sure that a large majority of the negroes of Ohio county done as I did, marked their ballot once and that under the eagle and did so without the influence of any outside party, but from principle. There is no people, I think, that have stood so many wrongs as the negroes for their politics. The persecution of the negroes in the South is caused as much by the negroes being arrayed against the political sentiment of the South as anything else. The negroes of the South gives us an example of the employed for principle's sake, arrayed against the employer. The weak against the strong.

This reflection of selling votes is made only against the negro. Is it true that only the negro sells his vote? I think there is not a fair minded man in the county but what will agree with me when I say, it is the low and degraded of all races that sell and that the color of the skin or other race marks have nothing to do with one's selling. Has all the money that have been raised for campaign purposes gone to buy negro votes? If not, then it seems that there may be some that would call it disgrace to be called a negro receiver a few dollars to strengthen their political conviction. Yes, I am sure that others sell besides negroes; some for money, some for office and others for popularity. I thank God, the negroes are not guilty of the last two at least. I think the negroes have suffered enough insults.

May we have no more reflections in the negro voters of the county in such an unqualified way, also a reasonable recognition of the negro voters of the county by the officers elect. More Republican victories with increased majorities. Respy.

E. S. FOREMAN.

A Jeffersonian Democrat.

Readers of the Washington Post know that Thomas Jefferson was a protectionist; he has been quoted at length in this review. When the late city of "free material" was proclaimed a Democratic principle, and Arthur (the Governor) denied the assumption, the senior Senator from Maryland has history for his witness. On the 6th of November the people rendered the verdict that the wise foresaw, including probably the very Senators who have been denounced as guilty of perfidy and dishonor. Of course, there are cities who still claim that the cause of democracy's defeat is due to non-compliance by the Senate to Mr. Cleveland's wishes. Why then was that charming and earnest man, Hon. William L. Wilson, defeated in West Virginia? Of all men the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee should have been re-elected. It is not that his constituents loved him less but they loved themselves more. They wanted a rest that Mr. Wilson's triumph endangered; therefore he was sacrificed. Congressman Tracy, of New York, met with a like fate for a like reason. If much abused Democratic Senators wanted a vindication, they have it now with a vengeance.

No truer, better Democrat lives than Jefferson Chandler. His Democracy was too Jeffersonian for Missouri, so he was supplanted in Congress some years ago by an order of men that has driven the State into the arms of the Republicans. I've been asking Mr. Chandler some questions. His answers are forcible.

"What is the matter with Democracy?"

"It has fallen from Thomas Jefferson to Tom Johnson. The intellectual distance is so great that the shock is considerable. Thomas Jefferson believed in a distinct industrial and financial policy for this country. He as well as all the great Democrats of the past, realize that declarations of independence were not self-executing; that real independence of a people sprang from their possession and wise management of great natural resources; that it depended upon the prosperity of labor; that hunger was not the basis of liberty. He realized the advantages of labor in this country and the possibility of establishing citizenship upon a higher plane by husbanding labor's advantage here. This policy was carried down the history of Democracy until the death of Randall; the party triumphed upon it in 1884. Since then the little men of the party have made its platform; Neal and T. Johnson, of Ohio, have substituted epithets for principles, and Ohio answers back with an adverse majority of 150,000."

"But is there no more progress in politics?"

"Progress consists in extending the dominion of sound principles and not in changing them. The churches do not change the Commandments ever four years, but work out progress by persistently propagating the spirit of the old ones. The Americanism of Jefferson being true then, is

true now; if practical, it fills the Democracy with new life. Its first principle was to hold the advantage by political means which nature had given to labor in this country."

"Have not such men as Henry Watterson favored this Neal-Johnson policy?"

"Yes, but Watterson is no statesman; he is a pret. Had he lived in Homer's time he would have been a co-rhapsodist and recited his pyrotechnic compositions on the streets. The Republican party owes a monument to Watterson; he has broken the solid South for them. The race question is dead. Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and the two Virginias behold a new career opening to them. Nature has favored them; the food of the seas is cheap; vegetable substances, fuel, clothing, shelter, cost twenty-five per cent less there than in the North. The mineral resources of this region are vast and of the highest quality. Restore the Americanism of Jefferson and this belt of country will burst into a splendor of growth never seen elsewhere. If the Democracy will reorganize and give to industry the permanent assurance of its old times as expressed in the platform of 1884, and in addition thereto take up the solid money daggers of Hamilton and Jefferson, it will command the future. If it poisons its blood with monometalism, free trade and the single tax, its career is over as a commanding force."—[Kentfield's War.]

### THE NEW RIFLE.

It is the Best Magazine Gun for Army Use Now Known.

An Improved Copy of the Danish Weapon—How the Little Works—Snaps Powder Is Used—Easily Taken Apart Without Tools.

The new infantry rifle is similar to the arm now used by the Danish government, but so altered and improved as to make it the best magazine gun for army use now known.

The Krag-Jorgensen or United States infantry rifle, model 1892, is a magazine gun with a caliber of .30 of an inch, or .15 of an inch smaller than that of the Springfield rifle now in use. The new rifle is slightly shorter than the Springfield. The breech is opened and closed by a sliding bolt operated by a handle and knob at its rear end. The magazine is a horizontal one, lying under the receiver of the barrel, and closed by a gate at its right side. Part of the left hand in firing, is covered with wood. This is necessary, for the barrel becomes very hot from the extreme rapidity of fire. The handle at the rear end of the bolt, and a lug at its front end, fit into grooves and lock the bolt when the breech is closed. On its exterior the bolt carries the extractor, while inside is the firing pin and spiral mainspring.

The magazine holds five cartridges, which are pressed forward by means of a follower acted upon by a spring, so that the cartridges are placed one by one in front of the bolt. The magazine can be instantly filled from a "quick-loading" box holding five cartridges. When the bolt is drawn to the rear, the cartridge just fired is withdrawn by the hook of the extractor, and thrown clear of the gun by an ejector at the bottom of the receiver. At the same time a fresh cartridge from the magazine is placed in front of the bolt. The bolt is then shoved forward, placing the cartridge in the barrel and at the same time cocking the firing pin, so that the piece is ready for firing.

On the left side of the piece is a "cut-off," by means of which the cartridges in the magazine can be held in reserve until the proper moment, and in the meantime the piece can be used as a single-loader.

The cartridges are bottle-shaped. The bullet weighs only half as much as that of the Springfield, and is fired with nearly double the muzzle velocity, giving greater range and accuracy. The powder used is of the smokeless variety, so as not to obscure the view of the soldier and not to obstruct the small bore of the gun. The bayonet is simply a long knife, so that it is useful off as well as on the gun.

One important feature of the new rifle is that in one minute's time, without the assistance of any tools, it can be completely taken apart, any broken part replaced, and then it can as quickly be put together again.—Harper's Weekly.

### SUGAR A REMEDY.

It Will Cure Hiccoughs Where Other Things Fail.

"Why don't you stop that hiccoughing?" asked a man of a friend, who was convulsed with the annoying convulsions in the street near the Astor house the other day.

"Stop them?" gulped the other. "I—wish I could. Held my breath—fifteen minutes—drank nine swallows—water; nine times. Tried to—scare myself; make believe—lost my watch. No good. They won't go."

"Will you buy if I cure them for you?" asked the first speaker, laughing at the frequent interruptions in his friend's description of his troubles. The other gasped in the affirmative reply, and the two entered the rotunda.

"Give this man a heaping bar spoonful of powdered sugar," said the friend to the barkeeper. The man did so. "Now swallow it," continued the speaker to the victim of hiccoughs. The latter essayed to do so and succeeded after some little effort, for it is not an easy matter to swallow a mouthful of powdered sugar. When he mastered it he looked inquiringly at his friend.

"Well, where are your hiccoughs now?" remarked the other with a smile.

"They seem to have gone," he replied, "but they'll come back again, I suppose, after a little while."

"If they do," said the friend, "it will be the first time I know of where powdered sugar has failed to give relief for hiccoughs. If one spoonful of sugar won't do it two certainly will. So far as I know it's a positive remedy."—N. Y. Herald.

IS THIS TRUE?  
Reads Like a Romance, and Comes Near Home.

Do Forgiveville People Know Anything About the Affair?

A very pretty girl nineteen years of age, accompanied by a brakeman on the L. & N. and T. railroad, walked into the Charity Organization yesterday afternoon about a o'clock and asked to be sent home to her parents in Florida. She told Dr. Hawes a long and tall story about how she had been kidnapped two months ago and been held a prisoner in fear of her life up to a few days ago. She said her name was Loretta E. Deenan, and that she lived with her father James Deenan and her mother in Florida, and to the night of September 28. On that night she and her parents, she said, attended a temperance lecture in one of the churches at Florida. The lecture was over at a o'clock and her parents went directly home. She, however, stopped at the house of a friend until near 11 o'clock. The distance between her own home and her friend's home was 31 miles. She started home by herself. She was just opening the gate at her home, she said, when she was suddenly seized by a man from behind, a handkerchief was thrust into her mouth and she was then lifted into a buggy which was concealed behind some shrubbery near by. The man, whom she recognized as named Thomas, she said, got into the buggy with her, and telling her if she dared to raise an outcry he would surely kill her, drove rapidly to the woods about a mile out from Florida. He told her, she said, that he proposed to take her away from Florida where no one would ever hear of her and kept her in hidden until she promised to marry him. He also told her she said, that he had broken into her home while the family was away, gathered up all of her clothes and hidden them in the woods near by. The Lore's head had been turned in the direction of these words, and after a ride of a mile they reached them. Thomas, she said, drove directly to an old hollow tree, and after first warning her not to leave the buggy got out and pulled a bundle of clothing from the hollow in the tree. This he threw into the back of the buggy, and climbing in, turned the horse round and began to drive south. The young woman said Thomas drove fourteen nights and two days until he reached the outskirts of Washington, Ind. There he stopped his horse and after inspecting upon her strict silence, they put up at an old cabin owned by an old woman whom Thomas called Miss Walz. He gave his name to her as Henry Johnson. They stopped at this cabin for the night only and the next morning they crossed the river here at Louisville, she said, and drove on to Owensboro, where they put up again this time for a week and with relatives of Thomas named Chapman.

At the end of the week, Thomas, she said, concluded that it would not do to stay with people who knew him, so he notified her to be ready to leave that night. She was afraid to disobey him, she said, so that night when the whole family was asleep she and Thomas stole out of the house, and taking their horse and buggy proceeded on to Louisville, Ohio county. Here Thomas, she said, came to the house of John, a man with a farmer named Walter. He learned that Walter had a farm near another village in Ohio county that he wished to sell. Thomas concluded to settle on a farm so the two made a trade and the farm passed into Thomas' hands. The girl and she and Thomas went to housekeeping then. He introduced her to every one as Mrs. Johnson, and kept her under strict watch so that she could not get a chance to tell any one her story. He never left her out of his sight for longer than a half hour, she said.

Two days ago, however, he told her he was coming to Louisville on business, and put her in charge of the Wallace family. Thomas was hardly out of sight, she said, when she told her whole story to Mr. Wallace. He at once gave her money enough to bring her on to Louisville. When she reached Union station she was out of money and asked a policeman where she could stay. The officer put her in charge of the brakeman who took her to the Charity Organization. Upon further questioning she said Thomas was married and had lived with his mother who was very wealthy and who had a farm about five miles out of Florida. She had known Thomas before he kidnapped her, she said, but had never had anything to do with him. She said she believed he had gone back to Florida.

When Dr. Hawes seemed to question some of the girl's statements she grew very dramatic, and, lifting her hands, cried: "I don't care what you think about it. I know that every bit of what I say is true." Dr. Hawes could do nothing for the girl without first investigating her story, so he got the brakeman who brought her to the Charity Organization to take her out to the home of the friend.

—[Saturday's Courier-Journal.]

Sea Otters Are Worth Money.

Mr. W. Scogglin, who has been ever on the coast of Washington, above Gray's harbor, on a hunting trip, found a number of Indians engaged in shooting sea otters. The season has been a favorable one, and five skins, worth from two hundred to three hundred dollars each, were secured while Mr. Scogglin was here.—Oregonian.

MAKING PINS.  
How the Little Useful Articles Are Made by Machinery.

The operation is quite different from what it was in the sixteenth century—Completed Machines That Turn Out Two Hundred a Minute.

When pins were first invented, some time during the thirteenth century, it took one man a whole day to make two dozen, the market price of the day's output being but three shillings. Even now late in the present century as 1888 one pin went through the hands of twelve persons before it was finished and folded away in the little sheet of paper of the regulation green. Today, however, everything is different in the pin factory, a single machine turning out a stream of finished pins at the rate of two hundred per minute, day and night.

This wonderful little pin-making machine is not larger than a sewing machine, but it has more invisible knives, springs, sharpeners and pinchers than it has a steam thrasher. The wire from which the pins are made is rolled around a small drum attached to the rear end of the machine, different sizes of wire and pinches being used for the several varieties of pins. The wire passes from the drum into the machine through a small hole provided for that purpose, being kept straight and taut by a brake on the drum and a series of iron pegs across the platform of the machine. A queer little pair of pinches—"catclips"—seizes the wire and thrusts it through a hole, where it is held while a small hammer beats a head on the forward end of the wire.

Here it is held until a knife descends and cuts the wire in proper pin length. Next it is allowed to drop into a groove through which the heads cannot pass, and while being held in that position is exposed to the action of a set of small files, which almost instantly give it a smooth, sharp point. The pin is now finished and ready for the polishing tub, which is simply a revolving barrel in which the pins are cleaned and polished by their own friction. After going through the polishing tub they are boiled in a solution of acid and tin. This latter operation gives them their shining appearance. After going through the acid bath they are accounted as being finished and ready for the market.—Mechanic.

GANDER AND EAGLE.

The Latter Finally Met His Match in the Former.

There are few better fighters than a goose, or a gander more particularly. Those ragged white Russian geese bite like bulldogs. It is no mere peck with them; they bite and hang on. The common old farmyard gander is a capital fighter when he is driven to it. At certain places in Scotland there used to be a caged golden eagle. He preferred to kill his own dinner, and it used to be a cruel sport to watch him dispose of any unfortunate hen or guinea fowl that was put into his cage.

They tried him, I believe, with every sort of domestic poultry. Ducks, peafowl, turkeys—the eagle was master of them all. He had no trouble in flushing them off, no trouble even with the "bubbly-jock." But at length they tried him with a gander; but he could make nothing of it. The gander crouched into a corner, drew back his head, and presented nothing but a broad, spade-like bill from underneath quarter the eagle tried to attack him.

The eagle fumed and fretted, and grew very angry; he made desperate attempts to take the gander in the flank, but the wise old bird deflected them all. In the end they had to give the gander his liberty, as the reward of his courage, and to satisfy the eagles with the much more succulent dainty of a young turkey poult. —Macmillan's Magazine.

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